Oth. Well, thou doeſt beſt.
Lod. Sir, you ſhall vnderſtand what hath befalne,
Which, as I thinke you know not: here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlaine *Rodorigo*;
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of *Caſsio*; to be vndertooke --- by *Rodorigo*.
Oth. O villaine.
Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſſe.
Lod. Now heres another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and this it ſeemes,
Roderigo meant to haue ſent this damned villaine,
But that belike, *Iago*, in the nicke
Came in, and ſatisfied him.
Oth. O the pernitious catieffe!
How came you *Caſsio* by a handkercher,
That was my wifes?
Caſ. I found it in my chamber,
And he himſelfe confeſt it euen now,
That there he dropt it, for a ſpeciall purpoſe;
Which wrought to his deſire.
Oth. O foole, foole, foole.
Caſ. There is beſides in *Roderigees* letter
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him,
Braue me vpon the watch, whereon it came,
That I was caſt; and euen but now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.
Lod. You muſt forſake this roome, and goe with vs,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Caſsio* rules in *Cypres*: for this ſlaue,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his: you ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
To the *Venetian* State; come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you, a word or two,
I haue done the State ſome ſeruice, and they know't;

No more of that: I pray you in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe vnlucky deedes relate,
Speake of them as they are; nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet downe ought in malice, then muſt you ſpeake,
Of one that lou'd not wiſely, but too well:
Of one not eaſily iealous, but being wrought,
Perplext in the extreame; of one whoſe hand,
Like the baſe *Indian*, threw a pearle away,
Richer then all his Tribe: of one whoſe ſubdued eyes,
Albeit vnuſed to the melting moode,
Drops teares as faſt as the *Arabian* trees,
Their medicinall gum; ſet you downe this,
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a *Maligoant* and a *Turbond Turke*,
Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State;
I tooke bi'th throate the circumciſed dog,
And ſmote him thus. *He ſtabs himſelfe.*
Lod. O bloody period.
Gra. All that's ſpoke is mard.
Oth. I kiſt thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,
Killing my ſelfe, to die vpon a kiſſe. *He dies.*
Caſ. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.
Lod. O Spartane dog,
More fell then anguiſh, hunger, or the Sea,
Looke on the tragicke lodging of this bed:
This is thy worke, the obiect poiſons ſight,
Let it be hid: *Gratiano*, keepe the houſe,
And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the Moore:
For they ſucceed to you, to you Lord Gouernour,
Remaines the cenſure of this helliſh villaine,
The time, the place, the torture: O inforce it,
My ſelfe will ſtraite aboord, and to the State,
This heauy act with heauy heart relate.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.